

[24/06/08][22:01:31] -

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Title: Upon Whistling Winds

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Upon Whistling winds,  
A hint of dawn wrestles  
flowers,  
To yawn and stretch  
their wings across the  
grass;  
Catching toes in gentle  
whisper.

A storm carries the  
night,  
To a land of High winds,  
Where a man stands at  
the edge of a castle,  
Crying, "Where is the  
one..  
For whom my heart

mourns.."

The man..  
Distant and faded,  
With a single spark of  
spirit,  
Kissed the sky with  
outstretched hands,

And was seen no more.